

## STRANGE WAYS TO END THEIR LIVES.

Emily Johnson Pours Kerosene on Her Clothes and Sets Fire.

ON THE LAKE'S BRINK.

Katie Joyce, Her Romance Ended, Seeks Death but Finds Justice.

GIRL OF SIXTEEN HANGS.

An Elderly Invalid, Despondent, Hangs Himself on His Housetop.

WOMAN DIES FOR A TRIFLE.

For Loss of a Little Money Mrs. Sangster Takes Poison—Other Deaths, Mysterious, Tragic.

That a woman should elect to die by the fiercest imaginable torment would seem to entitle her to the distinguished consideration of the alienists. Emily Johnson bids fair to die, as would almost any woman who saturated her clothing with kerosene and deliberately set fire to herself. So her case may not figure as prominently as it should in the records of psychical science.

She is twenty-five years old, a domestic by occupation, and presumably a very unhappy woman. Four months ago she went



Ella Hosford.

to live, as housekeeper, with Axel Westerblad, a stalwart and phlegmatic tinsmith, who occupies a flat on the third floor of No. 1383 Third avenue. Up to that time she had made her home with her sister, Mrs. Eric Swenson, in Nelson street, Brooklyn.

**Ran, Flaming.**  
Yesterday afternoon she and Westerblad were alone in the flat. It was shortly before 6 o'clock that she rushed out of her kitchen door, a pillar of flame, and with a few frenzied blows battered in the door of her neighbor, Mrs. Richford.

Through the hall she fled into a front bedroom, screaming like one possessed. When the Richfords rushed to see what was happening they found the room a maelstrom of flame and smoke, for the bedclothing had already caught fire, forming what seemed a fittingly ardent funeral pyre. Rosy McCue, a sister of Mrs. Richford, hastened to drag from a closet a huge bundle of bedclothing and threw them over the blazing woman. Thomas Richford, Jr., took more heroic measures.

Emily Johnson sought to fight him off as he approached her, but he is a strong man and he realized that a desperate remedy was demanded in order that the entire flat should not be set on fire. He seized the would-be suicide, burning his hands severely in the operation, dragged her from the bed and pushed her along the hall toward the door by which she had entered.

Just as they reached the hall, Westerblad emerged from his own apartments. In an unsteady, maudlin way, he was holding a blanket, which dripped with water. While his housekeeper had been lying, consumed by flames, in his neighbor's home, he had taken the time to soak the blanket under the kitchen faucet.

**Saved by a Boy.**  
Richford pushed the woman into the common hallway, and thus into her own kitchen, where she sank to the floor, apparently at her last gasp, and still blazing fiercely from head to foot. Westerblad tossed the wet blanket over her, and stood gazing at her stolidly. The blanket cov-

ered her lower limbs only, and it remained for a mere boy, who had been attracted by the outcry, to extinguish the flames that were eating up her waist and hair, and deeply scorching her flesh, by throwing pall after pall of water over her.

By this time some one had sent for the police and some one else for an ambulance. The charred woman writhing with agony, was lifted into bed. Dr. Hubley drove off with her in an ambulance to the Harlem Hospital, after hastily dressing her burns. In an interval of lucidity before she relapsed last night into the condition of torpor that seemed a premonition of death she proclaimed that she had saturated herself with the oil and set fire to herself with the intent to die. Moreover, she declared that she still wanted to die, which was not surprising, considering the pain she was enduring.

As for Westerblad, when the ambulance had departed he retired into his flat, locked the door and fell fast asleep. When he was awakened later in the evening and asked to give an account of what had happened, he said that Emily Johnson had been lighting the fire when she inadvertently spilled the kerosene over herself and permitted her dress to catch fire.

"She was always doing those stupid things," he added, yawning.

**Saved Her from Suicide.**  
Love spoiled Katie Joyce's life. She is in Yorkville Prison, awaiting bail or transfer to the Tombs. The charge against her is attempting to kill herself. As she did not succeed in ending her life the law is adding to her hope for sudden death.

She is pretty as a plump, pink baby and was born twenty-one years ago in Pittston, Pa., where, at No. 71 South Main street, she says her father, who was a judge, is living. Her mother, Mrs. John Joyce, is a widow, who lives with her high, narrow, smooth forehead and straying strands hide her eyes. Her eyes are short and folded as are the lids of Japanese women; the iris is large and brown, shot with red. Her mouth is made of cupid's bows.

Patrolman Kahl saw her near the swan lake in Central Park at 8 o'clock yesterday morning. She stood a long while looking at the water and he moved softly near. There was not another person within call. She took off her hat and tossed it on the bank. Her face was white. She stooped nearer to the water, tossed her hands and had almost thrown herself into the lake, when Kahl's strong arms encircled her waist.

"Let me go; I want to die," she cried, and fought with hands and teeth.

"You are too pretty to die," said the policeman. Finding the policeman's arms were iron, she ceased to struggle, and wept on his shoulder. Then to the man who had saved her she told her story:

"I was only sixteen years old when I met Jack. His father is rich and owns coal mines near Pittston. We were lovers for a year before I left school, and then we ran away. There was no ceremony, but he said he would always love me.

**Then Jack Was Jealous.**  
"We came to New York and lived in a flat at No. 132 West Sixty-sixth street. My father would have nothing to do with me, but mother wrote now and then and sent me money. Jack had a position and got money from home, but he lost the position and could get no more money. Then we lived on what mother sent.

"Yesterday he told me he did not care for me. He said he would not live with me any longer. He was jealous, although I never gave him the faintest cause. He said I flirted, but I never did. When he said he would throw me over I got angry. I spoke hastily, and he struck me in the face.

"I could not sleep and before daybreak I came into the park. I wanted to die. I have no home.

"If you had not been there I would have ended everything in the lake."

At the sergeant's desk in the Arsenal she gave her name and age with lingering head; but she smiled when the doorman tried to make her comfortable and thanked him for his pains.

A messenger was called at her request, and to him she gave this story of her arrest for transmission to Jack Wood, who, she said, might be found either at No. 132 West Sixty-sixth street or at J. J. Clancy's real estate office in Broadway, near Fifty-eighth street.

**True to Her in the End.**  
He was worried over the notoriety, but

locked the door, which, flung wide, disclosed the body of the girl. The jar caused the poor knots the child had made in the rope to relax and the body settled down upon the bathroom floor.

**Invalid Hanged Himself.**  
Frederick Herbst, an incurable invalid, who once owned a popular restaurant in Howard street, near Broadway, went to the roof of his home, No. 250 Eldridge street, some time during Monday night. He was very fond of the view from the roof and the quiet, so every night when the weather was fine he would climb up there. In summer he would sleep there all night.

Some time after midnight his wife went on the roof to look for him. She found him hanging to a framework on which clothes are dried. He had stood upon his chair and fastened a dangling rope around his neck. He tried to kick away the chair, but only broke through the wooden seat in the splinters of which one foot was caught when the body was found. He was quite dead, a physician said, who was summoned immediately.

**Mystery in This Death.**  
C. Mervyn Satchell, twenty-four years old, a clerk, was found dead yesterday afternoon, at No. 137 West One Hundred and Tenth street. He came from England two years ago, and for two months has been living with the family of Henry M. Turk, a lawyer, who has an office at No. 220 Broadway.

Shortly after Satchell reached his room yesterday afternoon, a pistol shot was heard. People in the house, however, thought it came from the street. At 7 o'clock, a servant went to Satchell's room on the third floor, to call him to dinner.

The door was locked. Shortly after the door was forced open several inches, and Satchell was seen in the dark room, lying

Magistrate said, wearily, and held her in \$500 bail for trial. Wood saw her later, kneeling, left her weeping, but promised to find a bondsman and secure her release.

**Child's Strange Suicide.**  
Ella Hosford hanged herself Monday night in the home of Detective Sergeant James E. Downing, No. 157 East Ninety-first street. She was sixteen years old, slight, pale, intensely religious, and devoted to the memory of her mother, who died two years ago. Mrs. Hosford had been an invalid for years before her death, and all the motherliness in Ella's nature had been drawn upon to make the woman's last months happier.

There were three smaller girls in the Hosford home, and when the mother died they were sent to institutions by their father, who was a janitor's helper and could not care for them. Ella was too old for an institution. Downing took her into his home. She was one of the household, and only served as a daughter might. She was five-year-old Rosie Downing's fondest friend.

She played with Rosie Monday night and put her to bed. It was a long romp, and Mrs. Downing left them in the gale of gaiety to curl upon a bed. Ella lit the gas in every room of the flat. She loved light.

Then she went into the bathroom, where there was no light. She tied an end of a bit of clothesline about her neck and fastened the other end of the line to the gas fixture. To do this she had to stand upon the bathtub's edge. She tied the rope so that her neck was within a foot of the fixture. She stepped off the bathtub's edge and the rope strained tight about her neck. Her feet were within a few inches of the floor.

She must have fainted then, and so strangled easily to death. Had she made the slightest effort she had saved herself. Mrs. Downing returned at 9:30 o'clock. When Rosie went to sleep Ella hanged herself. Mrs. Downing shook it. Half the door is glass. The woman broke it with her elbow, reached through the aperture and un-

face downward on the floor. Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, of No. 142 West One Hundred and Third street, went to the house, and soon after to the West One Hundredth Street Police Station. He reported that the man had killed himself, but failed to say by what means.

**Woman Dies for a Trifling Loss.**  
The failure of Mrs. Susan Sangster, sixty-five years old, of No. 417 Atlantic avenue, Camden, N. J., to find the change of a \$5 bill is attributed as the cause of her suicide Monday evening. She drank Paris green, and died several hours later in the Cooper Hospital.

Mrs. Sangster had been cleaning house, two colored women assisting her. She sent one of the colored women to the store, giving her the \$5 bill. The woman brought the proper change back, but later it was missed, and Mrs. Sangster accused the colored woman of stealing it. They became indignant and left the house.

Mrs. Sangster worried considerably over the loss, and finally drank the poison. Mrs. John Straulino, forty years old, of Newton, N. J., attempted suicide early yesterday morning by taking rat poison. Her husband, the awakened one of her children and a doctor was sent for. He succeeded in saving the woman's life. Family troubles are believed to have caused the attempt.

Frederick Thiel, sixty years old, one of the most prominent German citizens of Elizabeth, N. J., was found by one of his employees hanging from a beam in the cellar of his furniture store, No. 18 West Scott place, yesterday morning. He had been dead many hours.

Mrs. Thiel was missed from his store and home Monday noon, but it was supposed he had gone on some business trip.

He had been a man of great wealth, but

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## CHAPMAN LOOKS FOR DIRE THINGS.

"Financial Fabric of the Nation Must Fall" if His Sentence Stands.

BROKER IS LIKE A PRIEST.

Speculators' Secrets and Penitents' Confessions Cannot Be Made Public.

NOT UNHAPPY IN PRISON.

He Has Mineral Water to Drink, but Years for Champagne—A "Trusty" Detailed to Wait on Him.

By William Raymond Ehl.

Washington, May 18.—"My case, it seems to me, is very different from that of Messrs. Havemeyer and Seales. I am here in a Government jail because I honestly be-

lieved that the whole structure which has been built, protecting both broker and purchaser alike, would be destroyed were I to divulge confidential secrets entrusted to me. If the law under which I am convicted is to stand, then the whole financial fabric of the nation must fall sooner or later. A client comes to me, we will say, for sake of illustration, and asks me to buy in the controlling interest of a railroad. I do so, but must I in the end tell the whole civilized world what I bought and for whom I purchased? Publication would be fatal to many vital interests.

"The West, which has nothing to conceal because it has so little of a large financial nature at stake, can afford the publication of everything. Not so here. The priest must protect the penitent in the confessional; the physician must protect the statement of the patient; the lawyer must protect the admissions of the client; the newspaper man must protect his informant, and while the Supreme Court of the nation has held against me, my moral nature tells me that the broker must protect his client. I repeat, if he does not, the financial fabric of the nation will fall, and civilization will be in chaos."—From an interview with Elverson R. Chapman with the New York Journal to-day.

When Broker Chapman, now on his second day of a thirty days' imprisonment, said these words, he was seated in the rotunda of the district jail.

Has a "Trusty" Attendant.  
A colored "trusty," who is to receive \$5 for the period of Mr. Chapman's impris-

onment, had just set beside him a cold bottle of mineral water, of which the prisoner and the chief guard had drank copiously. Mr. Chapman lifted from a cane-bottomed chair a large stack of magazines in order to offer me welcome.

"You see," he went on after he had expressed the above sentiment in relation to brokers and patrons, "Messrs. Havemeyer and Seales are, I believe, in a very different legal position than I am. Let me go into it in some little detail.

"In prefacing my statement I wish to say one thing, and to emphasize it, and that is that one New York newspaper has been eminently fair and impartial, while the other paper has been unfair and mendacious. The New York Journal, while differing from me in many economic views, has invariably been just, and above all, absolutely honest. On the other hand, the New York Times has constantly misquoted me, and has distorted for its own purposes the testimony which I gave before the Senate investigating committee. The Times has on numerous occasions editorially quoted me as having said that certain Senators speculated through my firm while the tariff bill was pending. Such misquotations are malicious and willful. Every reader of those times knows that I said no such thing.

"I was asked if any Senator had purchased sugar stock from my firm. I refused to answer. The Senate's roll was then read to me, and it sounded like this: 'George G. Vest, he is a Senator of the United States from the State of Missouri. Did he purchase sugar stock?' 'I refuse to answer,' I replied to the District Attorney, and I made the same reply to the entire Senatorial roll call from A. to Z.

**Position of Havemeyer and Seales.**  
"Now," continued Mr. Chapman, as he sipped at his mineral water, "I am accepting my punishment with the best grace possible. The United States Supreme Court has held that I, as a broker, am not having had business dealings with members of the United States Senate, must answer all questions propounded to me by that body, which the same court has held is judicially within its own immediate functions and disciplinary powers. The question therefore comes whether Messrs. Havemeyer and Seales are guilty, as I am, of having sold to Senators securities which they had distributed funds. They refused to answer, their counsel claiming that the United States Senate had no higher judicial function than that bounded by its own limitations as prescribed by the Hallett decision of 1880 or thereabouts.

"I have not studied closely the cases of Messrs. Havemeyer and Seales, but as I understand it they are not charged in any way with having corrupted the voting right or the privileges on contested elections of that body. I am situated differently. I was asked to name Senators who came under the sole and direct jurisdiction of the United States Senate and had no higher judicial function than that bounded by its own limitations as prescribed by the Hallett decision of 1880 or thereabouts.

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